



# The Southern Cross.

AIR—“*Star Spangled Banner.*”

Oh! say can you see, through the gloom and the storm,  
More bright for the darkness, that pure constellation?  
Like the symbol of love, and redemption its form,  
As it points to the haven of hope for the nation.  
How radiant each star, as the beacon afar,  
Giving promise of peace, or assurance in war!  
’Tis the Cross of the South, which shall ever remain,  
To light us to freedom, and glory again!

How peaceful and blest was America’s soil,  
’Till betrayed by the guile of the Puritan demon,  
Which lurks under virtue, and springs from its coil,  
To fasten its fangs in the life blood of freemen,  
Then boldly appeal, to each heart that can feel,  
And crush the foul viper ’neath liberty’s heel!  
And the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,  
To light us to freedom and glory again.

’Tis the emblem of peace, ’tis the day star of hope,  
Like the sacred Labarum that guided the Roman,  
From the shore of the Gulf, to the Delaware’s slope,  
’Tis the trust of the free, and the terror of foeman,  
Fling its folds to the air, while we boldly declare,  
The rights we demand, or the deeds that we dare!  
While the Cross of the South shall in triumph remain,  
To light us to freedom and glory again.

And if peace should be hopeless, and justice denied,  
And war’s bloody vulture should flap its black pinions,  
Then gladly “to arms,” while we hurl in our pride,  
Defiance to tyrants, and death to their minions!  
With our front in the field, swearing never to yield,  
Or return like the Spartan, in death on our shield!  
And the Cross of the South shall triumphantly wave,  
As the flag of the free, or the pall of the brave!

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The Southern Rose

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